

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 83. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

OYSTER-DAY.

"Please to remember the Grotto—only once a-year."

"OYSTER-DAY," *i. e.* the day on which Oysters are first brought into the London market, is one of the few popular old English festivals extant. Its antiquity must be very great; for every schoolboy remembers how this little island, now the mistress of the world, is referred to in classic story, by the Romans, then the world's masters, for the exquisite delicacy of its Oysters. Not, however, satisfied with the *native* delicacy of our Oysters, the epicures of old Rome fattened them in pits and ponds: they iced them before eating them; and one Montanus, a *gourmet* of great celebrity, could tell the breed of an Oyster by the first bite! The locality whence these luxurious fellows obtained the finest Oysters has been precisely ascertained: it was from *Rutupæ*,* (Richborough,) now Sandwich, in Kent; once a harbour and place of note, but now a decayed corporate town, with echoing lanes, and grass-grown streets. Near this spot too, as may be seen in the annexed note, Cæsar first landed, nearly nineteen centuries since, to add our island to his long list of conquests. He appears to have been a good judge as well as general; for this freak of his ambition was played off in the Oyster month, (on August 26th,) on which day Cæsar first "*astonished the natives*." (See the *Comic Latin Grammar*.) Probably, the troops, in their encampment, had what is unclassically termed a "tuck-out" of Oysters prior to their drubbing the "men of Kent." This is a mere archaeological speculation; but it is more probable than that Oysters were eaten in June, as Wilkie has represented them, in his picture of Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo.

Without any overstrained conceit, therefore, we may regard the Oyster grotto as a classical memorial—an historical illustration,—of no mean interest. Oysters first attracted the Romans to our patch of a country, and its conquest; the splendid results of which may be read in every page of our history. Therefore, grave reader, do not pass the grotto, but drop your coin, as the case may be,—"*only once a-year*."

The finest Oysters in the world are found in England. This is acknowledged even by the French, who are ever ready to dispute our national claims; for, in a *brochure* published at Paris, and entitled *Le Manuel de l'Amateur des Huîtres*, the British Oysters are stated to be the best. Our opinion of French Oysters, by the way, has never been very exalted; although we have seen them at the *marchands* and *restaurants* of Paris, in the goodly company of Strasbourg pies, *vols-au-vent*, and savoury meats, *ad nauseam*. A dozen or two of Oysters is no uncommon whet for a Parisian dinner, a drop of lemon-juice being squeezed into each Oyster. In Normandy, however, Oysters are eaten raw, with vinegar, pepper, and eschalots, or mild onions, chopped fine. White wine is also drunk

* *Portus Rutupensis*, a station of importance, near the reputed place of Cæsar's landing, on August 26, 55 B. C. A fragment of its massy wall remains, and is instanced as a fine specimen of Roman skill and industry. Horsley observes:—"The particular spot on which Cæsar landed and encamped, may now be washed away by the sea."

with Oysters in France. An epicurean bibber observes, that "the red wines should always precede the white, except in a French dinner, usually preceded by Oysters. In this case, the Ostreal delicacies should be saluted with a treble volley of Chablis; or, for greater solemnity, with libations of Pouilly, or Mont Râchet; or even with Sauterne, Barsac, or White Hermitage."

It would not be difficult to pile up a mass of facts in the economy, natural and artificial, of Oysters. Touching those of our own country, we may state with truth, that the best English Oysters are now found at Purfleet, and the worst at Liverpool. Colchester Oysters maintain their celebrity; and it is worthy of remark, that this town is said to have been the ancient *Camelodunum* of the Romans; this inference, if correct, being another proof of our Ostreal fame. The finest pickled Oysters are sent from Milford Haven. The most delicate, or "native" Oysters are, however, found on the Kentish coast, as at Milton; Queenborough, in the Isle of Sheppy; and at Whitstable, opposite. In dredging at the latter place, round a rock now called "the Pudding-pan," great quantities of Roman pottery have been discovered. In the creeks and inlets of the Medway, are many valuable Oyster fisheries, which are under the jurisdiction of the corporation of Rochester; and a court of admiralty, consisting of the mayor and aldermen, assisted by a jury of free dredgers, possess the power of making regulations relative to the oyster bed, and the seasons for fishing. We remember hearing much from an old Rochester boatman about *dredging* in the Medway, but little that is worth repetition in his fresh-water logic.

A very common and very mistaken opinion exists, especially among foreigners, that all English Oysters are impregnated with copper, "which they get from feeding off copper banks;" such would be quite as injurious to the animal itself as it could be to us, and the fancy could only have arisen from the strong flavour peculiar to *green Oysters*. This matter has, however, been taken up by scientific men; for M. Valenciennes, in a paper "on the Colorisation of the Green Oyster," maintains that the green colour lies in the four divisions of the bronchiæ, and in the intestinal canal.

In parting with the varieties of Oysters, we must not forget the famous Oysters taken in the Mossul Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, to eat which, epicures come four hundred miles from the interior.

The instinct of the Oyster has furnished some Jonathanisms. Thus, in the American papers, we read of an Oyster following its owner about the house like a cat; and of another Oyster, which was so large, that it furnished a meal for six persons! Oysters are very delicate creatures, by the way; for during the severe winter of 1840-41, millions of young Oysters were destroyed by the frosts. One of the earliest writers on Oysters was, oddly enough, Bishop Spratt; and his paper will be found in the *History of the Royal Society*. Paley has an admirable illustration of the natural economy of the Oyster, as an instance of Creative design.

The bird called the Oyster-eater, takes advantage of the bivalve opening, to tear out the fish, but is sometimes caught *de facto*. The Irishman was more fortunate, when being set to open Oysters, he served up the *shells* to his

master; the faithful Patlander having, as he said, "guttled the fish." They are not, however, fish, but *Molluscs*, as Dr. Buckland proved at one of the meetings of the British Association; a distinction more appreciable at Birmingham, where it was opened, than at Billingsgate, by "the ladies of the British fishery." George the Second, by the way, preferred those Oysters which opened of themselves: he thought them of finer flavour, and none of his courtiers envied him the luxury. A very droll conceit was introduced, some years since, in a Christmas pantomime at Covent-garden theatre, wherein Grimaldi, the clown, sang a duet with a stupendous Oyster "crossed in love;" the vocal Oyster being Mr. Duruset, who has survived the feat to this day.

When Oysters are alive and strong, the shell closes on the knife: they may be preserved good for some time by laying them bottom downwards in a tub, and covering them with water, in which a good deal of salt has been dissolved; change their water every twelve hours, feed them by sprinkling in it oatmeal, and the fish will fatten faster than a Scotsman upon his national stir-about.

Oysters are conceitedly said to be in season in every month of the year that has an *r* in its name, beginning with September, and ending with April. But this error was practically refuted so long ago as the year 1804, when M. Balaine contrived the means of sending to Paris, Oysters fresh, and in the best possible order, at all seasons alike. Balaine's predecessor in his art, was Apicius, who is said to have supplied Trajan with fresh oysters at all seasons of the year; and Apicius deserved an immortal character for such a triumph. Still, we do not enjoy this refinement in England; though the common notion is exploded, by Oysters being very fine in August.

The dietetic properties of Oysters have not been over-rated: they may be safely recommended where great nourishment and easy digestion are required; their valuable quality being the great quantity of gluten they contain; they are, indeed, a concentration of nutritious particles. When eaten raw, they are an excellent mid-day luncheon, and serve well to allay the cravings of hunger at that hour. Oysters are less wholesome as a supper dish, and if eaten in any quantity, they are indigestible. Nevertheless, when eaten in moderation in the morning, they restore the stomach, weakened by the previous night's "potations pottle deep," more effectually and safely than any other stimulant.

It is doubtful whether Oysters, as articles of food, are improved by cooking: strange as it may appear, raw Oysters are preferred by refined epicures, whilst an uncivilized Australian will not deign to touch an Oyster, raw or cooked.

We have said that Oysters are not improved by dressing: for example, either fried, boiled, or pickled, they mostly resemble hard pieces of wash-leather, and are nearly as indigestible as the nether garment which formed Paddy Fooshane's fricassee, but was detected only by one of the buttons being found in the mess. Oyster soup is an insipid affair, unless *purée*, i. e. a portion of the Oysters pulped to thicken the *potage*. Oyster sauce is apt to resemble Oysters in melted butter, the omnipresent sauce of the English kitchen. Bulwer aims a sly shaft at this failure, in his *Ernest Maltravers*; wherein, as a portion of the *tricherie* of a dinner-giving man of system—"his cook put plenty of flour into the Oyster sauce."

It was formerly thought a piece of epicurean cunning to boil a fowl in a bladder, putting into it, with the water, a few Oysters to flavour it; but we do not admire it: and we are somewhat sceptical as to the good effect of Oysters in meat pies or puddings, which are thereby too much *fishified*. Oyster Patties, warm, are very well in corner-

dishes at luncheon and dinner; but their introduction, cold, at supper, by no means adds a leaf to the laurel of Apicius, or Ude. Scalloped Oysters are *propriora*, or "more properer," as Coleridge would say, for supper; but they involve some nice point of flavouring: the butter should not be spared, but the Oyster liquor and grit should be employed in the inverse ratio; mace or nutmeg should be as charily used, for these spices, with clumsy cooks, are like mercury in the hands of unskilful doctors. Oysters, roasted in the shells, are savoury morsels, though they are rarely to be enjoyed but with the risk of having half your fire blown into your room, by the liquor being converted into steam—an effect of "pressure" never dreamed of by Dr. Lardner, the great historian of the steam-engine.

Pottering, one day, over Swift's *Letters*, we were somewhat surprised to find the following recipe for boiling Oysters: "Take Oysters, wash them clean, that is, wash their shells clean; then put your Oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot, covered, into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your Oysters are thus boiled in their own liquor, and not mixed with water."

Oyster Catsup, made of the fish beat to a pulp, strained and spiced, and then mixed with white wine, and bottled, must be inferior to the flavour of fresh fish; and Oyster Powder, made of the fish, beat as above into a paste with flour, dried, powdered, and kept in bottles, is one of the absurdities of the receipt-books, such as delighted the Lady Bountifuls of other days, but are repudiated by our club committees of taste.

With all the dietetic celebrity of the Oyster, its shell is worth consideration. The Roman ladies used the calcined shell as a cosmetic and depilatory; just as the fair ones, or rather the would-be-fair ones, of our days use talc, pearl-powder, &c. Such stratagems are as old as time, and

"The world is still deceived by ornament."

The Ostracism of the classic ages likewise proves the importance of the shell in bygone ages; though it be reduced to a street-pastime in our day:

"Pray remember the Grotto—only once a year."

MAXIMS.

BY ALPHONSE KARR.

OPINION attaches dishonour to the husband for the misconduct of the wife. The poor husband is like the boy given as a companion to a young prince, and whipped when the prince did not know his lesson.

Love, for the most part, lasts till the moment when it is becoming reasonable, and founded on something real.

A woman's friend may, by the favour of circumstances, become her lover; but a man she never saw has a much greater chance of success.

True female modesty ought to conceal *itself* as much as any thing else. The hand which adjusts the fold of a robe, draws attention more to what it wishes to conceal, than to the virtuous delicacy which prompts the concealment.

Lovers have a sensible way of behaving in the presence of a formidable rival. Instead of trying to excel him in politeness, accomplishments, and attentions, they make a point of looking cross and sulky, remaining silent in a corner, or saying ungracious and impertinent things to the woman whose preference they are contending for.

Those boast of abstinence who have lost their digestive powers; those boast of charity whose blood is cold and stagnant; those boast of knowing how to be silent who have nothing to say. In short, mankind make vices of

the pleasures which they cannot enjoy, and virtues of the infirmities to which they are subject.

The first half of our life is spent in desiring the second; the second in regretting the first.—*Translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE MAID OF ST. ASAPH.

FAREWELL to St. Asaph! Farewell!—and for ever!

Thy rural retreats I may visit no more:
Farewell! but whate'er be my destiny—never
Shall thy mem'ry forsake my heart's innermost core.

Oh! never again, let me roam where I will,
Such joys as the past shall my lone bosom feel:
Oh! never, alas! shall one extatic thrill,
Deep and pure as the past, o'er my dark spirit steal.

For that spirit is chang'd,—the bright visions of youth
Have flown, as the meteors that gleam thro' the night;
And the rude wizard wand of unpyting truth
Hath banished for e'er my young dreams of delight.

No more through wild fancy's sweet realms can I stray,
And call up illusions too blissful to last;
For the sunshine of feeling hath faded away,
And hope's bright horizon with clouds is o'ercast.

How lone feels the heart, when its dreamings are o'er,
And its sun-bright imaginings melt into air;
And the young hopes that cheer'd us so sweetly before,
Are blasted, and lost in the night of despair!

Oh! then should the spirit break loose from its chain,
And free from this world of pollution and woe;
For the soul, when once blighted, can ne'er bloom again,
Or revel in pleasures that earth can bestow.

Yet, though those bright dreams were false and ideal,
As the seraph that mocks the pale traveller's thirst;
Though the joys of my youth were all vain and unreal,
And fleeting as bubbles that sparkle and burst;

Yet, still are they dear—Oh! how fond to my heart!
And sweet as the strain of the bulbul at eve;
And, though sad their remembrance, it ne'er shall depart,
Till this wayward breast hath forgotten to heave.

But, how soon shall I be remember'd no more,
Even there, where I play'd my young life's sunny game;
Or, haply, if mention'd, 'twill be but to pour
Cold calumny, slander, reproach, on my name.

For few there were lov'd me—they deem'd me the thing,
Which to all, save some few, I long strove to appear;
When my spirit seem'd light "as the wild bird in spring,"
Ofttime when mine eye was bedimm'd with a tear.

They deem'd me a creature unthinking and vain,
The offspring of folly, of wildness, and mirth;
But, how oft do keen agonies shoot through the brain,
When the brow seems most clear from the shadows of earth.

Oh! they knew not how deeply my spirit had ponder'd
On cares never suffer'd to 'scape from my tongue;—
They knew not how wildly my spirit had wander'd
Reflection's dark, 'wondering mazes among.

Farewell to thee—home of my happiest day,
Where friendship and love cheer'd the fast fleeting year;
And fondly farewell to the heart-witching fay,
Whose smiles made that home of my happiness dear.

Farewell! where'er fate shall ordain me to rove,
In joy, or in sorrow, I ne'er shall forget,

That THE MAID OF ST. ASAPH is pure as the dove,
And fair as the sun-beam when nearing its set.

And though rancour and envy may raise their hoarse voice,
And malice with venom-tipp'd tongue may assail;
In the pride of her purity let her rejoice,
And smile with contempt on the wretches who rail.

• • • • •

Then list, lovely maiden, to friendship's fond strain,
While as erst ye proceed in fair rectitude's path,
You may look on such slanders with lofty disdain,
And smile at the bursts of their powerless wrath.

'Tis said the fierce lion will flee from the maid,
Whose spirit is pure, and unsullied by earth;
And thus will the wretches who dare to upbraid,
Be dazzled, consum'd, by the blaze of thy worth.

But, Farewell! lovely Maid,—Farewell!—and for ever!
Your bright sunny smiles I may gaze on no more;
Farewell! but whate'er be my destiny—never
Shall thy mem'ry forsake my heart's innermost core.

H. P. O.

VIGNETTES FROM "THE REIGN OF TERROR."

DANTON AND MARAT.

DANTON was more genial, more even of the old French gentleman, than most of his compeers. His convivial qualities, his love of women, his very vices, tended in some degree to humanize his manners. The true personation of the mobs, of what the French still call *le peuple*, was Marat. Let us take the following description of him, by M. Duval: our narrator accepts an invitation to dine with Danton:

"On dînait bien chez Danton, one dined well with Danton. Politics were not always spoken; at his table one laughed often, and was bored rarely. * * * We passed from a very elegant saloon into a dining room, looking upon the Cour du Commerce. At this moment there entered a man. A man—here is his portrait. He was, at most, from 4 feet 8 inches to 4 feet 9 inches, (French measure); his head inclined a little to the left shoulder, like Alexander the Great; the limbs were crooked, the complexion yellow and bilious, the face marked with the small pox, the lips thin, the eyes grey, and rolling continually in their orbits, the eye-lashes red, and the white, so called, of the eyes nearly the same colour, so that the pupil seemed to swim in blood. He moved his head restlessly to and fro like a Greenland bear, in his den at the Jardin des Plantes.

"As to the accoutrements of the *ami du peuple*, behold him from head to foot: a hat à *Pandromane*, as one then called those hats low in the crown, with broad brims turned up, adorned with a huge tricolour cockade; an old coat, worn out at the seams, striped stockings, red, white, and blue, and bits of string in his shoes in the place of ribbons or buckles; plush breeches, a red waistcoat, turned over, and the neck all open, lank black hair plastered to the temples, with a little queue fastened with a leathern knot.

"Danton," said Marat, "from afar I have smelt the savour of your roast, and I have come to see if there is a corner for me at your feast."

"Why not, if we crowd each other a little. I am sorry you did not let me know, that I might have ordered something more."

"Pooh! your daily fare would suffice for me."

"Well, but when one invites oneself to dinner among persons *comme il faut*, one generally expects oneself clad a little less unceremoniously."

"Ah, with a laced frill, an embroidered coat, and one's hair curled à *l'oiseau royal*, eh! Thank you for nothing. Nature is at the cost of my toilet, and the friend of the *peuple* has no need of foreign ornaments."

* * * "But patriotism does not forbid a cravat or a collar."

"I never wear them, as you well know."

"But at least a clean shirt and clean hands."

"I then perceived that Marat had in fact his hands as black as a smith's on a Saturday night, and his shirt of the same hue as his hands. May it be said without offence to his memory," &c.

Yes, this was Marat! And in him appeared the friend of the populace, (*peuple*), because the true son of the populace. This rickety, bilious, scrofulous, diseased victim of the neglect, the ailments, the vices of his parents, represented in himself

the squalid masses who formed the procession of Jourdain Couptète, or filled the gloomy pandemonium of the Jacobin club. But beneath all this external debasement moved the iron springs of an indomitable, dogged, frantic energy; a spirit of blood and vengeance which made virtue a crime, so honest was it, so sincere. Marat shrieking day after day for 300,000 heads—Marat emerging from cave and garret into a power that shook alike court and temple—the arch Alecto starting from the rage and decrepitude in which the fury had been awhile concealed—Marat was as willing to be martyr as the hangman; those filthy hands would have spurned the gold that sullied the ruffles of the corrupt Danton. Nothing could soften, nothing humanize—but nothing could intimidate, nothing bribe. For a time Marat was the *peuple*, and the *peuple* Marat.

THE MASSACRE OF THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

Duval, who was a witness of, and actor in, the invasion and massacre of the Tuileries, on the celebrated 10th of August, describes this scene with great truth and effect:

"Péthion, the mayor, had been at the château at midnight, and had assured the king that the menaced insurrection should be pacified. Scarcely had the king repeated this assurance to the guards, than the tocsin, the roll of the drum, were heard. Instantly, the great gate towards the Carrousel is closed. 'To your posts!' is the cry. They make us take our arms, then lay them down to pile them *en faisceau*. The greatest confusion reigns in all the courts—everywhere we hear the cannoniers of the guard venting imprecations on the king and queen, and declaring they will rather point their pieces against the château than against the *peuple*. A little before five in the morning, Raderer comes to us, and says: 'Gentlemen, a troop of misled citizens menace this house and its inhabitants; if they resort to violence it is your duty to repel force by force. Here is the law, I will read it to you;' and he takes out a little book, bound in *tri-colour paper*, reads us the law, puts up the little book again, and is off. A quarter of an hour after, the king visits our posts, in a violet-coloured coat, his hat under his arm, his sword at his side—he passes before our ranks, and addresses us *d'une voix altérée*: 'Well, they come, I don't know what they want, but my cause is that of good citizens; we will make a good front, eh? (*nous ferons bonne contenance, n'est pas?*)' and in thus speaking to us, he had the tears in his eyes, and his air and carriage were such as to take all courage from the intrepid. The queen also said a few words, scarcely articulate, struggling in vain to suppress her sob. In this moment arrived the two hundred gentlemen, (rather *gentilhommes*, men of noble birth,) who had kept in that part of the Louvre which now forms the museum. The queen presented them to us: 'Messieurs, there are our friends; they will take orders, and show you how to die for your king!' As if there were not enough of ill-seasoned impudence in these words, a rumour was spread that the queen had said, 'They will give—not take—orders.' This was a falsehood, but it sufficed as a pretext for the disaffected, and instantly two battalions of the national guard who had just arrived, broke rank, and marched off to take position on the Carrousel with two cannon. There they stopped the fresh battalions arriving to the succour of the château, and forced them to take part in their revolt. From that moment expired all hope in the national guard.

"Such was the sad and first effect of the apparition of these two hundred *gentilhommes*. Most of them very aged, they seemed scarcely to bear the weight of the sword, which was their only weapon. Like the unhappy Louis, they had only snatched a few moments of repose upon benches and sofas; and their hair, like his, was in disorder. Nearly all in embroidered coats, satin waistcoats, and white silk stockings, a few only in uniform, their faces pale and haggard, they rather resembled men for whom sleep was necessary, than champions for their imperilled king. God forbid that I should ridicule fidelity and devotion, but the truth is, that their costume, so little appropriate to the occasion, their pretensions to exclusive loyalty, made them regarded with so unfavourable an eye, that their succours brought less utility

than danger. And it was not with this handful of aged gentlemen, however honourable and loyal, that Pergamus could be saved—

'Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.'

"To complete all, one of these personages thought fit, in a swaggering tone, to say to the national guard: 'Now, messieurs of the national guard, now is the moment to display courage.' 'We shall not fail in that,' cried an officer in an extreme rage, 'but it is not by your side that we shall give proof of it.' And instantly he went off, and carried with him his company, to join the cannon already pointed against the château."

And yet, alas, "this handful of gentlemen" in satin vests, and court swords, and silk stockings, were all the last rulers of that gallant chivalry, who had rushed against the lion of England to the cry of Mountjoice St. Denis, who had followed St. Louis to the Holy Land, who had tracked through the battle-field the white plume of Henri of Navarre, who had shaken the throne under Louis XIII., who had met the charge of Marlborough at Ramillies and Blenheim, who had filled with lance and banner that very space of the Carrousel when it received its first name, from the latest tournament held in France in the gorgeous youth of the fourteenth Louis! These now were the ashes and tinder of that aristocracy! What could a thousand Mirabeaus do to restore the departed glory; and what, without a nobility, amidst such a national guard, with such a mayoralty, invaded by such a populace, what hope for such a king! The rest is well known—Louis surrendered himself to the assembly. This was the last day of nobility and royalty, the first of the unhallowed union between the middle class and the populace—the Dantonists who had led the movement, and the Girondists who had intrigued for it. In the midst of the pæans of the Mar-seillaise, and the shrieks of massacre, arose the dynasty of Vergnand and the Talkers! Truly says M. Duval: "scarcely had the sceptre, so long coveted, devolved on them, than their feebleness and hesitation made their dethronement certain. The massacre of September takes place under their eyes, they are silent, or but falter out a feeble voice. From the installation of the Convention the reins of government float in their hands, and they remain impotent witnesses of the crimes of the commune, the Jacobins, and the popular societies! Members of all the committees possessing majorities in every commission, they know neither to foresee nor to prevent. If sometimes they were roused into a sudden energy, it passed like a (?) lightning, it vanished like a (?) smoke. Gladly, in a critical moment, would they have adopted some vigorous measure, but it was enough to induce them to relinquish it, if the commune appeared angry, or the roar of Danton was heard from the tribune. These were not the statesmen to intimidate the hardy conspirators with whom they had to contend."

We quote these stirring scenes from a paper on M. Georges Duval's *Souvenirs de la Terreur de 1788 à 1793*, Paris, 4 tomes, 1841-2; in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published. This journal, by the way, has just passed into a new editorship; and a somewhat complacent address from the publishers states, that "very great improvements, which the well-informed reader will not be slow to recognise, have been effected in all its departments." Without pretence to the qualification which the publishers advert to, we must direct their attention to the very imperfectly translated passages above quoted: indeed, their slovenliness would have been a discredit to the *Review* under its former editorship, which, we think, they rate too lowly; and "in the new management," we trust that *idiomatic translation* will in future be one of "the chief endeavours," in giving "an English interest to the treatment of general foreign literature." We say this in the best feeling towards the *Review*, which has been an especial favourite with us, from the appearance of the first number.—*Ed. L. S. J.*

* There are likewise several other slips: what, for example, is "the electric cell," in page 383; "the hatreds," at page 410, &c.

LONG-WHARF LYRICS.

SETH CINNAMON, OF LONG-WHARF, TO PETER PEPPER-CORN, OF SALT FISH HILL, IN DEDHAM.

From the Boston (U. S.) Transcript.

Yours of the 10th is just received ;
Accordingly, dear Peter,
Here's the PRICE CURRENT that I've weaved
All into Yankee metre.

Lemons continue to arrive,
Though dealers are but piddling,
A cargo brought \$2 75,
And proved from fair to middling.

There's some advance in Southern corn,
But Western pork's no higher ;
A lot at auction was withdrawn,
And could not find a buyer.

Oil has remained quite dull of sale,
And prices—more's the pity—
Have now declined, three cents on whale,
And five on spermaceti.

But hops are up two cents a pound,
The stock is somewhat lighter ;
Kentucky hemp is twisting round,
And hangs a little tighter.

Drugs have become alarming cheap,
Holders begin to flutter,
And speculators plunge quite deep
In lard and firkin butter.

There's much decline in rum and rags,
If buyers come we pin them ;
They talk of sales of gunny bags,
But yet there's nothing in them.

Gunpowder still can make its way,
Though sold behind the curtain ;
A lot of prime WENT OFF to-day,
As loud reports make certain.

Grindstones can hardly rub and go ;
Feathers are rather flighty ;
Lumber hangs heavily still ; and so
Do lead and lignumvitæ.

Sugars are falling every week,
Molasses every hour ;
Havana tart's too low to squeak,
And holders all look sour.

That codfish story's all a hoax,
But hooked as wondrous clever ;
Turk's Island salt is firm as Oakes,
And tar sticks fast as ever.

Brandy and gin go at a pinch,
But we've got used to nippers ;
A lot of cheese—though buyers flinch
Sold on account of SKIPPERS.

Teas come it stronger than I wished,
The china trade's so troubled ;
Some think the whole concern is DISHED,
Yet buyers may get bubbled.

'Tis heavy with light cotton stuffs,
The price has fallen whack O !
And we're afraid that auction puffs
Won't raise it on tobacco.

Chip hats have not DECLINED A SHADE,
Because the weather's sunny,
And I should think the blanket trade
Would now feel rather funny.

Bear skins have taken upward strides,
We're all so hotly fired ;
And I've no doubt that in raw hides
Smart doings have TRANSPIRED.

In short—we've blazing times in town ;
So think it not surprising
That Russia tallow's going down,
And mercury is rising.

A DULL MAN'S OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

Of all the matter-of-fact, straight-forward people, Dr. Drinkwater was the most obtuse. In spite of all that was going on, in defiance of looks, and compliments, and hints, the doctor neither saw nor heard any thing extraordinary, and was quite surprised when his neighbours asked information from him upon the match Miss Partington was going to make. It never occurred to his unsuspicious soul that Sir James Langham's sudden visit could be connected with matrimony. "To be sure Sir James dined there every day, and so on," he told Miss Bates, "but he saw nothing, and thought nothing : if he gave the subject any consideration at all, he supposed it might be one of Miss Louisa's flirtations, but he had no right to say even that."

Yet Sir James Langham's courtship had to effect a powerful event, and carry fire and sword into the doctor's heart. The moment he was completely assured Miss Partington was engaged, and Sir James off to town to complete arrangements for his marriage—that moment changed the aspect of things to Mary and Dr. Drinkwater. He had severe twitches of gout in every limb ; his knee grew stiff, his elbows were all pulsation, and his right hand was consigned to its flannel bag. Miss Bates heard the whole business from Jenkins ; his master, he thought, would be a week in his room, for the attack was sharper than usual. Miss Bates had a remark for every one. "A pretty bean to dangle after Miss Vansittart, when he was one day alive, and dead the next."

Dr. Drinkwater came to life again, however, and was "dangling after Miss Vansittart" before Miss Bates was aware of it. He came in two days to his arm-chair, close by Mary's work-table, and though he was in my eyes a "sad sober dog," after the discipline of the two previous days, he was to marry an object of powerful interest, and she sat well pleased to listen to that voice which had not soothed her ear for many hours.

I was glad to drive with Miss Partington to Gloucester, and dissipate my dullness among the hats and caps in Miss Lovel's show-rooms. During our drive, much was transpiring at home.

Dr. Drinkwater sat in silence for some time, pondering things in his inmost soul. His long meditation struck Mary as something singular.

"You are still poorly, I fear, doctor ?"

"I have had a severe attack, Miss Mary, and I feel as if I should be worse shortly."

"Oh, I hope not."

"Any mental agitation is sure to bring on gout, and I have been disturbed lately a good deal."

Mary looked at him in pity. "Nothing, I hope, of consequence : you must not allow yourself to be disturbed. Nothing wrong at the Grange, surely, with Jenkins in the midst."

"Is not Miss Partington engaged to Sir James Langham ?"

"To be sure. Surely, doctor, you found that out the first day Sir James dined here—you who are generally so quick at making discoveries."

Poor Mary ! she had made a surprising discovery herself ; she had found out the doctor's quickness, when no mole could be more blind to what was passing round him.

"Indeed I did not suspect any thing ; but he has managed it very quietly, as those things should be managed. He is a very happy man."

"Any one must be happy with dear Anne, she is so kind and good."

"He has no gout to plague her with." Dr. Drinkwater's cheeks became scarlet as the words escaped him.

"Nay, doctor, you don't suppose that had any influence upon Anne. You don't do her the justice to think a little gout would have altered her sentiments. You don't know Anne, Dr. Drinkwater."

"I should think gout was very disagreeable to ladies,"

said the doctor, softly approaching his chair somewhat nearer to Mary.

"Not the least," replied Mary, with warmth. "Do you think women so lost to pity and kindness as to object to a good man because he has a little gout?—the very reason why he has greater claims upon their affection. No, Dr. Drinkwater, you do injustice to Anne in supposing she would have objected to a little gout in Sir James."

"All ladies may not think with her, Miss Mary," sighed the doctor.

"You are alluding to foolish gadjies," said Mary, with increasing warmth, "not to really rational women. Look at Lady Morton—does she ever treat Sir William as if she considered him a nuisance? Are they not laughing always together most good-humouredly? A woman of principle never finds a man she loves less agreeable because he cannot hop about like a monkey."

"You would be patient and forbearing with a husband, Miss Mary, should he prove gouty?" This was pronounced in accents of humblest harmony.

"I would not marry if I did not love him, and gout is surely no crime. A man cannot be less upright or worthy because he has attacks of gout. No—that would tell very ill for a woman's affection."

"Then, Miss Mary, will you scorn me if I say I love you, and ask you to—marry—a gouty man?"

The doctor had done his "possible," and sat aghast at his own boldness.

Mary was caught in the trap. She had defended her own position most innocently; what had she to say in reply to the doctor's home question? Mary was not a timid person: your quiet ones have generally a fund of philosophy to assist them in emergencies. Mary was taken by surprise, it is true, but she felt her own sentiments had drawn the proposal. She fairly laughed.

"What makes you think of matrimony so suddenly, Dr. Drinkwater?"

Her playful laugh and gentle tone did not drive her lover to extremity. He coloured most deep crimson, but he also smiled.

"I envied Sir James Langham, Miss Mary, and when I saw he had won a wife so quietly, I thought I would try my luck; but I don't think I could have ventured to offer myself, if you had not spoken kindly of gout."

"When did you first think of me, Dr. Drinkwater?"

"Four years ago I wished to have you for my wife, but I thought you would be disgusted, therefore while I was silent I could enjoy your society. I don't know how I came to propose! It was yourself who led me on, Miss Mary."

"For shame, doctor! you have been trifling four years with me, and then assert I propose to you, or something very like it."

"I am sure we will be very comfortable at the Grange," said her lover, "and we have managed it so quietly, not a soul will suspect us."

"Excuse me," replied Mary, smiling. "What do you fancy people have been saying and thinking these two years, while you have seated yourself in silence at our fireside?"

"Heaven bless me!" said the doctor, "they must have thought it strange; but Jenkins never said a word to me, and I was sure you would refuse me—I forgot remarks would occur. Perhaps we shall marry this spring, Mary. How pleasant it is to call you Mary comfortably—Miss Mary was so very precise."

Mary and Dr. Drinkwater sat chatting together like man and wife. After the dreadful words had been spoken, and not received disdainfully, they sat together exactly as they had been long accustomed to sit.

Mary netted, and the doctor talked of the Grange, "and the pleasure of being a Benedict, just to sit comfortably together as they were now doing."

The poor doctor must suffer for his extraordinary success. The fear, the effort, the flurry of being extremely happy, must tell upon his constitution. He returned to the Grange, to dress, and join us at dinner; but Jenkins was despatched to inform us his master was attacked violently in his shoulder

and both feet. He had gone to bed, but hoped to be out next day. Poor Mary, how provoking! It was exactly as Miss Bates said—one day alive, and dead the next.

We had now to sit in judgment upon Mary's case. It seemed to rain marriages, though this latter transaction had been long anticipated. Sooner or later, it was evident, Mary was born to be Mrs. Drinkwater; it only astonished the doctor and Mary themselves.—*Memoirs of a Flirt.*

GREECE.*

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

GREECE!—how calmly, richly dwells
Sunset, where thy beauty reigns;
Where the silver fountain swells,
Gushing from thy ruined fane.

Maids of Greece!—your heroes slumber
Where the clustering ivy spreads;
Dark oblivion shrouds their number,
And a dew Lethean sheds.

Yet by broken pillars lying,
Thickly clad with flowery bloom;
By the names in song undying,
By each undecyphered tomb.

By the Delphic shrine forsaken,
By the Spartan seen no more;
By the name and fame unshaken
Carthage,—on thy lonely shore.

By Athena's groves of laurel,
By each wreck of sculpture there;
Time repeats a mournful moral,
O'er the mighty "things that were!"

Nature clothes thy fragments hoary,
In her wildest, richest dress;
Faded land of warlike story,
Bright art thou in loveliness!

Where each classic stream meanders,
Hush'd is now the voice of song,—
Bards of old,—your music wanders,
Greece,—no more thy plains along!

Haunting every sacred valley,
Dim historic visions glide;
Armed hosts no more may rally,
Only shadows here abide.

Yet the painter's art hath given
Back thy beauty to the eye;
Made thy very earth seem heaven,
By the magic of his dye!

YOUNG'S PRINTERS' COMPOSING MACHINE.

(We have been favoured by the Proprietor of the *Magazine of Science*, with permission to abridge from No. 170 of his valuable Journal, the following details of this important invention.)

Young's Composing Machine, we believe to be another of those great inventions which occasions a momentary revolution in a particular trade, but a permanent benefit to society. Compositors are alarmed lest it should injure their vocation, and this they believe it will do in two ways; first, that it will execute work cheaper; and secondly, that it will introduce women to do their work. The latter being the weaker argument, we will answer first. The machine only professes to set up the type, and to offer facilities in justifying it. The correction of the proofs, the making it up into pages, and the locking into chases, must be afterwards performed as at present. Now, as the printer is aware, much of this is heavy work, and can be done only by men, and that work will be

* Suggested by a painting in the possession of his grace the Duke of St. Albans.

increased in quantity in exact proportion to the rapidity of the machine's action. The first fear of the compositor is no better founded; that types are set up by this machine with infinitely greater rapidity than by hand is quite true; but the machine is only adapted to one sized type; and for all works where a variety of type, frequent change of measure, or very

careful spacing is requisite, it is wholly inadequate; thus it cannot at any time interfere with dictionary work, ordinary tabular work, hand-bills, cards, nor in most instances with what are technically called *jobs*. We may be asked, For what then is it valuable? The answer is, newspapers and magazines, where rapidity of progress is of more moment



than ornamental execution; it is equally adapted for novels and standard works. Could all such be reduced in expense even one quarter, the public and the compositor would equally benefit; the one would get publications cheaper, the other more work, for hundreds of books and prints would be published, which the present unavoidable expense of producing prevents the appearance of.

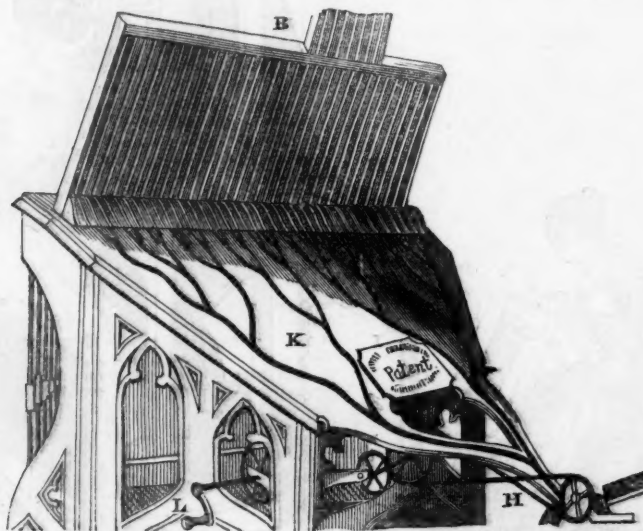
The compositor in a printing office stands before two cases, one placed above the other, and both supported upon a frame at a convenient height. These cases are called the upper case and the lower case, and are each divided into as many compartments as there are letters, stops, figures, spaces, &c., the upper holding the capitals, and the lower case the small letters. The compositor, previous to setting to work, takes

in his left hand an instrument, called a composing stick; this he sets by means of a screw to any prescribed measure, according to the width of his work. He then having the copy before him, picks up the letters required in rotation, looking at every letter or type, to ascertain that it is the right end upwards, and also that the right part of the letter is towards the top of the stick, otherwise it might be upside down; at the end of each word he puts in one or more spaces, or blank types, taking care of the requisite stops as he proceeds. When a line is so far completed that he cannot get in another word or syllable, he introduces here and there other spaces, to make the whole measure complete in width, or until the line which he has set up fits tightly into the composing stick. He then begins a second line, and finishing that, a third, and proceeds

thus slowly and cautiously, until the whole matter or copy is set up.

The Composing Machine originated, and has been perfected thus:—Mr. Young, who is a gentleman of great talents and property, has a young friend named Delcambre. Talking upon the compositor's business, it suggested itself to them, that a machine might be constructed to supersede the manual labour required by the usual process. They immediately set to work with wood, pasteboard, and wire, and completed enough to convince them of the plausibility of the scheme; Mr. Young then came to England from Paris, that he might have the aid of an English engineer in working out his design. He fell in with Mr. Bessemer, then residing at Percival street, Clerkenwell, a gentleman well acquainted with the printing and type-founding businesses; by his aid, the machine of Young and Delcambre's contrivance was completed, patented, and exhibited to the public last year. This machine was found, as most new inventions are, unnecessarily complex and incomplete. Mr. Young, therefore, immediately set about simplifying it, and the mind that could contrive, was not slow in improving the details which were at first defective, aided as it was by the mechanical superintendence of Mr. Wilson, the engineer; and thus the machine progressed to its present state of perfection and elegance.

Two views are given, the back and the front view; the same letters in the following description applying to both. A young lady sits in front of the instrument, which in size and somewhat in appearance resembles a cabinet piano-forte. The keys are engraved with all the letters, marks, and spaces required in printing, (seventy-two in number.) Communicating with the keys, and attached to them, are a number of steel rods. Each of these rods is, at its upper end, connected with a small lever at the bottom of a long channel which holds a great number of those particular types that represent the letter marked on the corresponding key. The whole series of channels for the types are shown at B in the cuts, and the connecting rods at AA. At the part marked C is a spiral spring upon each wire to restore it to its position, and to bring back the lever at top to its original place, when the pressure of the finger has been removed from the key. The back of the machine shows a number of channels or inclined planes, gradually uniting together until the whole seventy-two are blended into one. This single channel, which is marked D, is continued for about two feet, and terminates in a large fixed receiver or composing stick, as it may be called. The groove or channel of this composing stick, marked F, may be adjusted to measure by proper screws, like the ordinary composing stick.



The action of the whole is beautifully simple, and consists of three parts:—1st. Arranging the letters. 2nd. Moving them forwards along the channel; and 3rd. Justifying them. A young lady having the copy hanging before her, strikes the requisite keys of the instrument, and without any more trouble the exact arrangement of all the letters and spaces takes place, and with astonishing rapidity. (Of course it is supposed that the channels at the top B are previously filled with letter.) Suppose the first word to be set up is "Young." The player touches the key Y: this pulls the appointed rod, which acting upon the lever at top, pushes the lowest letter of the channel Y a little sideways, over the orifice of the inclined plane appertaining to it. The letter descends and stops at the bottom of the single channel, at about the point G, or not quite so low as this. The keys of the letters o u n g are struck in rotation, and almost as rapidly as playing the notes of quick music, each letter placing itself upon the former, a blank succeeds, and then another word, and so on to completion. While this is doing, it is requisite that the types or words should be moved forwards along the horizontal channel D. This is done by the aid of a boy turning a winch at the side

of the instrument; the winch puts in motion a series of wheelwork, finally terminating in an eccentric, shown at H. This is in constant and very rapid motion, and catching each type as it arrives at the terminating channel on the lower part, urges it forwards. So perfect and admirable is the mechanical beauty of this eccentric, that however rapidly the types descend, they are never accidentally stopped or impeded, whether the eccentric be moved slowly or quickly; neither can the type by possibility be injured by the sudden propulsion it receives by the eccentric. We understand that Mr. Young intends to make this action dependent upon a treadle, worked by the player, and thus to spare the labour of the boy who at present turns the winch. The justifying the type is as easy and rapid as the setting of it up, and is performed thus:—The second young lady slips forward a quantity of type from the part of the channel D, until it arrives at E, the place to receive it. She separates the quantity of words or syllables required for a line of the composing stick from the rest, and then by a little contrivance attached to the stick, lets it fall the width of a type beneath the general surface of D. If it exactly and tightly fit the

prescribed measure, that line is complete, and the next proceeded with in like manner; but as this is very rarely the case, she takes various little spaces or blank letters from a box standing beside her, and in which they are arranged in sizes, and introduces them between the various words of the line, until the whole fits tightly, or as a printer would call it, is *justified*. The action of the machine is now complete, and the arrangement of the type in pages, &c., is conducted by the usual processes. Two boys are employed in distributing the type when it has been used, and two others in keeping the channels supplied with letter.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

THE SONG OF JULY.

"Pro! how hot! how very hot!" you cry, "this is quite horrid!"

'Tis I that breathe upon you, I, July the dry and torrid.
I started from Sahara wide, and bailed at Morocco;
Thence, swept the haughty midland sea on wings of the Sirocco.
Sirius bears my torch on high, earth holds no thing I char not,
The wide heath is my Congreve-box, the forest old my Arnott.
The tall rye I will scorch and parch, till his rough beard is yellow;

And roast the pear, in his rough skin, until the rogue is mellow.
I'll stop your springs, and dry your wells, and make your rivers shallow,
And lay the rushes in the marsh, dead on the prostrate mallow.

Ay! do that I will;

While you shall pant

Like elephant

Toiling up a hill.

Drouth shall make you wish to booze

For ever;

Fatigue invites you to a snooze

Come never!

For ordure-fed flies, my own hybrids,

In your mouth ever anxious to drown,

Shall dance a Scot's fling on your eyelids,

The moment sleep coaxes them down,

Then hover till Sampson's dread weapon is dropping,

And the moment occurs o'er it safe to be hopping.

Tait's Magazine.

SONNETS,

BY GEORGE ROBERT TWINN.

DECAY.

EACH insect that strays thro' the perfumed air,
Each leaf that's cast upon the stream when dead,
Each brooklet that glides on through meadows fair,
Each flower that's scattered on the garden's bed:
The sun that sets each eve with brilliant hue,
The birds whose songs are hush'd in winter's days;
Each tells to man the moral, stern and true,
All that is earthly yields to pale Decay;
So plainly stamped is this on all around,
The hardest heart its sober truth must own.—
But list, what joy—a world there can be found,
Where Death and pale Decay are both unknown.
Sad mourners here below, oh! be it ours
To dwell with angel bands thro' ceaseless hours.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

While now I ramble through the leafy grove,
Bright butterflies across my pathway flit;
Now high, now low, in sunny air they rove,
For summer months, methinks, attendants fit.
I stop—they're feasting on some fragrant flower,
So beautiful their wings—for them I sigh,
That I, beguiling many a fleeting hour,
A vent'rous flight might make beyond the sky.
Again I wander on,—see, what a prize
Is feasting on yon poppy's gaudy head;
The fly is mine, unless the breeze surprise—
Ah no—rash thought—the lovely wings have fled.
For things beyond his power too oft man sighs,
And Disappointment floods with tears his eyes.

SADNESS.

They bid me dry those tears, that constant flow,
And fain I'd do so, but my heart retains
The impress deep of all my sorrowing woe,
This then renews my tears, renews my pains.
Who would not weep to find youth's friends all chang'd,
The bands that bound us broke and cast away?
Fond hearts we dream'd were true, cold and estranged,
And friendships severed long before death's day?
These cause me weep, for I cannot forget,
Cannot conceal 'neath dark oblivion's gloom,
The sorrow that still makes my pillow wet,
And will, till buried in the silent tomb,
Like wax, the stamp is taken by the heart;
But, unlike wax, it will not thence depart.

VENICE REVISITED.

ONCE more in Venice! We were so much in love with this unique and crumbling old city when, a year and a half ago, we bade adieu to its palaces, towers, and swelling domes, that we have ever since longed to be floating again in its dark, winding canals, gazing upon its mysterious and sublime grandeur, though sorrowing over its decay. A year with Venice is like the same space of time passed with an aged and infirm person. It leaves a mark of ravage and palpable decline upon its face. Every where the destructive impress of ruin and gradual decay thickens upon the tottering walls, and rests in melancholy grandeur upon its sublime architectural remains. Venice is no longer but a shadow of its former self. In a single year, it is said, that no less than eighty of the fine old palaces of Venice were thrown down and converted into smaller dwellings, or suffered to slumber in silence amidst their own crushed ruins! Some order of the Austrian government has been issued, I understand, to protect these venerable piles that still remain, from the hand of speculation and spoil; and to preserve them, if possible, in all their majestic beauty, until time shall crush them beneath the waves, over which, for so many centuries, they have proudly triumphed. But the natural effects of time, ere many centuries more, must complete their ruin. Like all things else in this imperfect world, cities, kingdoms, nations, and principalities, have their rise and fall. The noon-day splendour of Venetian glory has passed away; and the sad, though noble remains of the "golden city," are hastening rapidly to repose.

As we came into the grand canal this morning, every thing seemed to wear an appearance of sadness and gloom. The black-topped gondolas, thickly gliding in silence up and down its dark, mysterious bosom, seemed but the solemn mourners of a fallen friend, following in mournful procession to the place of sepulture. The weather, thick, hazy, and having more the go-and-hang-myself appearance of England, than the soft, balmy tint of Italy, may have acted somewhat powerfully upon our imaginations, and tended, in no slight degree, to thicken the gloom upon the picture of our contemplation. But with all honest allowance for weather, imagination, and an empty stomach, there can be no doubt of the rapid decline of this fine old city. It is, however, said that the business and commerce of the place is gradually reviving, and on the increase; and the contemplated rail-road, to be constructed through Lombardy, passing from Genoa through Milan, and some of the other large towns of the north of Italy, to Venice, is expected to attract the trade from all that part of the country, Trieste, and other places, sufficiently to resuscitate its flickering remains, and eventually raise it to its ancient animation and vigour! This, however, like the contemplated conquest of Turkey by the modern Greeks, can be little more than a delusive dream. I believe there is very little in the position of Venice, the surrounding country, or the men engaged in business there, to warrant the expectation of an increase of its trade to any very great extent. Indeed, so far as natural causes can have an influence, the probabilities are strongly against it. A large proportion of the inhabitants of the north of Italy are poor, and the demands of the people are crushed within the compass of their means, which are

small. Venice is destitute of many of the natural advantages, as a commercial depot, which are possessed by Trieste. The trade of India, which was enjoyed by Venice, and by which she was so much enriched previously to the discovery of the passage around the Cape, can never come back to her. The trade of Egypt, Syria, and the Levant, which in the prosperous days of the republic was important, is, at present, of trifling consideration, and has found its way into other and more natural channels. Trieste is backed by a vast and comparatively rich country, stretching through Syria, Austria, and even to the heart of Germany, all of which, to a great extent, depends upon Trieste as the grand outlet of its exports, and the natural channel through which it can most conveniently receive its supplies of the productions of foreign countries. There is no conceivable natural cause that can long sustain this gradually sinking city from eventual insignificance and final ruin. Many centuries may not pass away before the waves of the Adriatic will resume their natural dominion, and Venice, like ancient Alexandria, Memphis, and Thebes, will only be visited by the curious traveller, the antiquarian, or the labourer from some distant village, seeking, among its ruins, materials for new erections. Still, Venice has life, beauty, and interest of no ordinary character. It is, however, concentrated; and while it shines in rags and wretchedness at its extremities, like the Turkish empire and the usurped possessions of the Pacha of Egypt, it looks bright about the *Piazza di St. Marco*, as does the Seraglio of Constantinople, or the royal mansion of his highness in the fallen city of the Ptolemies. The *Piazza St. Marco* has ever been the centre of Venetian life, animation, and gaiety; and now, in the more solemn days of the city's wane and decline, it is no less the scene of all that is still palpitating of her spirited and gay remains, than when crowded by the rich and voluptuous aristocracy, and loaded with the ostentatious pomp of gorgeous ceremonial. This spot is hallowed by some of the most cherished recollections of the past eventful history of Venice, and contains, at the present day, more striking objects of general interest than are to be found in any other part of the city. No one can promenade its broad and variegated pavement, or saunter beneath the arches of its ample and graceful colonnade, without feeling a deep respect for the genius and munificence of the ancient Venetians. St. Mark's church, in itself an oddity and a wonder, occupies one end of the piazza, before which rises in severe grandeur the *Campanile*. The foundations of this noble structure were laid in the tenth century, but it was not completed till six hundred years afterwards. It rises from a base of about three thousand square feet, and is carried up with great uniformity to an immense height, supported by massive brick walls and arches. The ascent, over an inclined plane, is regular and easy; inasmuch that a mule or camel might be conducted to the top of the look-out with perfect safety and without much difficulty. In the top of it there are five immensely large bells of excellent tone. There, too, is to be enjoyed, in a clear day, the finest views in Venice. Perhaps no spot presents more objects of admiration, at a single glance, than fall under the eye looking out of the *Campanile*. Venice, with all its splendid churches, palaces, lofty domes, and minarets tipped with statuary; the broad Adriatic, sprinkled with islands beautifully grouped, green with vegetation, odoriferous with flowers; the gushing sails that dot the spreading sea; the gondolas lightly rippling the mirry surface of the grand canal; numerous towns and villages resting upon the distant shore; the green fields and wavy trees of the surrounding country, backed by the gigantic Alps, lifting heavenward their ice-covered summits; all combine one of the noblest and finest views that one can look upon.

At the base of this bold erection is the rich and elegant *Loggia*. Nothing can exceed the richness of its architecture, or the grace and beauty of the figures that adorn it. Nearly in range with the *Loggia*, and directly in front of St. Mark's church, stand three flag-masts, from the top of which once proudly floated the glorious standards of the Venetian republic. These flag-staves are set in bronze sockets, on pedestals, of great elegance, and of such beautiful work-

manship and polish, that although the ravages of more than three hundred years rest upon them, they are still in such excellent preservation that the figures upon them, like the hieroglyphs upon the noble obelisks of Luxor and Carnac, are yet as beautiful and perfect, apparently, as if fresh from the hands of the artist. In the *Piazza* near the ducal palace are two antique columns, said to have been brought from some of the islands of the Archipelago. They are of dark granite, and from sixty to eighty feet in height, crowned with expansive capitals, on one of which stands the winged lion of St. Mark. The figure is in bronze, and was taken by Napoleon to Paris. But, unlike the four beautiful horses, also in bronze, which he transported to Paris, much to their injury and little to his credit, the figure of the lion, as a work of art, possesses no great merit; yet, as an emblem of the ancient power of Venice, it is interesting; and no place could be selected to exhibit it to half the advantage and effect as in its present commanding position. He stands upon the column like a powerful and forbidding mastiff before the ducal palace, which, in its grave and lofty bearing, harmonizes well with the objects around it. The four celebrated bronze horses are badly placed high over the centre door of St. Mark's. These noble steeds have been great travellers for hobby-horses, and the spoils of glorious victories. They are the work of an early age—so early that their origin is involved in mystery. They once stood in Corinth; once they graced the chariot course of Constantinople—then they came to Venice. They have since stood upon the arch over the entrance to the *Tuileries*—and now, battered, patched, pieced, and mended, yet beautiful, they are so badly placed that one would hardly see them at all, except by accident. It is better to ascend the stairs from the vestibule of the church, and enter out upon the platform where they stand—there they may be seen to greater advantage.

The church of St. Mark, commenced in the tenth century, is a most sumptuous structure. Though composed of shreds and bits of antiquity gathered from the ruined temples of the east, so that it looks nearly as chequered as Joseph's coat, still its appearance is venerable and imposing. It is of a mixed style of architecture, combining, with great harmony, the Greek, Roman, and Gothic. It is adorned with more than five thousand antique columns, comprising almost every description of fine marble, alabaster, verd-antique, bronze, serpentine, porphyry, jasper, &c. A large number of those beautiful columns were taken from the venerable old Greek church, now the mosque of St. Sophia, of Constantinople. It has five domes, and is paved with porphyry, alabaster, and marble. The ceiling and a great part of the walls are embellished with mosaic pictures, illustrative of scenes in Scripture. The figures are generally stiff and uncouth, yet the grouping and composition of many of the pieces are full of nature and feeling. That representing the baptism of our Saviour, upon the walls of the baptistry, is worthy of admiration. There is also in the same apartment, surmounting the baptismal font, a fine bronze statue of St. John. There too, in the same apartment, placed against the wall on the left side of the entrance, is a modest marble tomb, plain and simple, without a name, and no ornament of any kind upon it. The family arms of him who sleeps in silence there hang over his coffin and declare his origin. On the other side of the baptistry, and nearly opposite, is the tomb of one of the doges of Venice, that of Andrea Dandolo. He died in 1354. His ancestor was the greatest hero of Venice. He, too, was a dauntless warrior, and one of the earliest historians of his country. He was also Petrarch's friend, a lover of art, and one of the magnates of his time. The vase of the holy water, more than five feet in diameter, made of porphyry, is of a remote period, and was taken from the church of St. Sophia, Constantinople. It rests upon a Grecian sacrificial altar, which is adorned with cupids, dolphins, and tridents. *Sanseverino's* hand has done much to enrich the beautiful specimens of art that adorn the *basilica di Santo Marco*. The inimitable door of the sacristy is said to have occupied thirty years of his life! The subject, that of the entombment and resurrection of Christ, is touching, and handled with that power and beauty pertaining alone to inspiration and elevated genius.

The figures, true to life, are all beautifully relieved, and cast with exquisite accuracy and skill. The heads of his friends, Titian and Aretius, together with his own, doubtless true to life, are upon this celebrated door. On the sides of the choir, before the high altar, are some beautiful *basso relievos* in bronze, illustrative of the scenes of the life of St. Mark. These are also by Sansovino, as well as the four elegant evangelists in bronze, standing near the high altar, facing the front entrance to the choir. The admirable ornaments in marble, gilt, and bronze *basso relievos*, upon the small altar at the extremity of the choir, are all by the same Sansovino. The canopy of the high altar is supported by four antique marble columns, richly wrought in *basso relievos*, and said to have been taken from the church of St. Sophia, Constantinople. Under the canopy, and beneath the high altar, is the tomb of St. Mark, said to contain his ashes. The fine marble statue of the apostle and the virgin, standing upon the altar screen, all much admired, are productions of the school of Pisa, in the fourteenth century. The Zeno-chapel contains an altar and a monument of a cardinal, all in bronze, of great beauty and excellence, said to be the productions of Pietro and Antonio Lombardo, and Leopardo. There, too, seated upon the altar, is Alberghetti's celebrated and much admired bronze statue of the Virgin. Her attitude is easy and graceful, and the expression of her countenance pure and devotional. On the left foot is a large bright brass slipper, on account of which it is called the *Madonna della scarpa*. The figures of St. Peter and St. John, standing on each side of the virgin, also in bronze, and somewhat larger than life, are noble and graceful. The elegant bronze columns, wreathed with vines, fruit, and flowers, and supporting the pediment over the altar, are beautifully done.

In the treasury of the church of St. Mark, we were shown a gold-covered case, said to contain the original manuscript of the gospel of St. Mark! But we could not prevail upon the priests, who conducted us about amongst the mysteries of the church, to open the case; consequently we were unable to see the manuscript, if indeed it was there at all—a fact which is much doubted, from the circumstance of its being written in Latin. By those who profess to the honour of having seen it, it is represented as in a damaged and tattered condition, and so obliterated and defaced by dampness, time, and negligence, as to be quite illegible. Indeed it is said to be impossible to decypher more than a very few detached words of it. Besides this cherished relic of the patron saint of Venice, we saw in the treasury a great variety of trinkets common to the rich churches of Catholic countries; but generally all were of no particular interest to us, or value to any one, except for the intrinsic worth of the gold or other valuable material of which they were constructed. There were, however, in the collection, two beautiful gold candlesticks, in the rich Byzantine style, which were indeed gems. There were also some small vases of precious stones set in gold, and mount cups of the same material, which were curiosities. There was also the old state sword of Venice; and, by way of making the collection of St. Mark's treasury complete, the crown, globe, and sceptre, used at the late coronation of the emperor of Austria, at Milan, have been added, gems of which I should be inclined to think the Venetians have no very great reason to be proud.

New York Mirror.

ANACREONTIC.

THE following, the latest production of the poet Moore, addressed to the Marquis of Lansdowne, shows that though by this time some fifty or by'r lady inclining to threescore, he retains all the fire and vivacity of early youth. It is full of those exquisitely apt allusions and felicitous turns of expression in which the English Anacreon excels. It breathes the very spirit of classic festivity. Such an invitation to dinner is enough to create an appetite in any lover of poetry.

Some think we bards have nothing real—

That poets live among the stars, so

Their very dinners are ideal,—

(And heaven knows, too oft they are so:)

For instance, that we have, instead

Of vulgar chops and stews, and hashes,

First course,—a phoenix, at the head,

Done in its own celestial ashes:

At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing

All the time its neck was wringing.

Side dishes, thus,—Minerva's owl,

Or any such like learned fowl;

Doves, such as heaven's poulterer gets

When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.

Larks stew'd in morning's roseate breath,

Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour;

And nightingales, be-rhymed to death—

Like young pigs whipp'd to make them tender.

Such fare may suit those bards who're able

To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table,

But as for me, who've long been taught

To eat and drink like other people;

And can put up with mutton, bought

Where Bromham rears its ancient steeple;

If Lansdowne will consent to share

My humble feast, though rude the fare,

Yet, seasoned by that salt he brings

From Attica's salinest springs,

'Twill turn to dainties; while the cup,

Beneath his influence brightening up,

Like that of Bacchus, touched by Jove,

Will sparkle fit for gods above!

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

(From the *Derbyshire Courier*.)

HEANOR, (in Derbyshire) was the birth-place of William and Richard Howitt. The former of these is known to the literary world as the author of the delightful *Book of the Seasons*, *The Rural Life of England*, *The Legend of Dale*, &c. The latter as the author of *The Gipsy King*, and as contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Both are still living.

So little is known of this family, that we are tempted to give a few particulars about it. The Howitts have been for many generations considerable landed proprietors in Derbyshire. They appear to have been of the old school of country squires, who led a jolly, careless life, hunting, shooting, feasting, and leaving their estate to take care of itself as it might, and which of course fell into a steady consumption, and slipped away piecemeal. The grandfather of our author was of a most reckless, but not a resentful disposition. He married the daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Charlton, Esq., of Chilwell, in Nottinghamshire, with whom he received a large dowry; but it was soon spent, and this so exasperated the lady's father, that he cut off his own daughter with a shilling, and adopted a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who happened to bear the name of Charlton, but who was no relative. In this family the Chilwell estate is still vested. The only legacy he left to his descendant was a large two-handled breakfast pot, out of which he consumed every morning as much toast and ale as would have become a baron of the fourteenth century. The son of the spendthrift, (the father of the poet) instead of being the proprietor of Chilwell, became a manager on part of the estate of the fortunate proprietor. He was of a very different stamp from his progenitors, and was enabled in some degree to restore the fortunes of his family and establish a handsome property. Those habits of prudence, sobriety, and good sense, for which his forefathers were any thing but remarkable, have always distinguished him. He is still living, at an advanced age, and is a fine, hale, athletic old gentleman, with white hair, and forcibly reminds the observer of a "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time."

His son William, the naturalist, poet, and antiquary, was born at Heanor, December 18, 1793, and is one of six brothers. He married Miss Mary Botham, of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, whose name is now familiar to the public as the poetess, *Mary Howitt*. She is the authoress of the *Desolation of Hyam*, *The Forest Minstrel*, *The Seven Temptations*, *Wood Leighton*, and many other popular works.

William Howitt formerly resided at Nottingham, but has since removed to Esher, in Surrey, and is now in Germany. Before he published his *Rural Life of England*, he travelled the country literally from the Land's End to the Scottish border, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the manners and mode of life of the rural population. This book is eminently popular, and most deservedly so, from the nature of the subject, and the enlightened views which the author takes of society generally.

Richard Howitt, (who, as we before stated, is rapidly rising into reputation,) and Dr. Godfrey Howitt, his brother, a most accomplished and devoted naturalist, emigrated to South Australia in 1840, but we believe that both are dissatisfied with their adopted country.

Varieties.

The Great Western Railway.—The receipts for passengers, merchandise, &c. conveyed upon the Great Western railway, in the week ending the 17th ult., exceeded by upwards of £6,000, the receipts of the preceding week, and by upwards of £3,400, the takings during the Ascot race-week, which has hitherto been considered the most prosperous week during the year. The number of passengers who travelled by the railway during the week ending the 17th inst., was 60,467, and the receipts amounted to £20,627. The receipts for the Ascot race-week were £17,170; and the number of passengers, 51,343. The above increase may, in great measure, be attributed to the vast number of persons attracted to the great Agricultural Meeting at Bristol. The early train from the Paddington terminus on the 14th inst., conveyed the extraordinary number of 2,115 persons to Bristol and its neighbourhood. It consisted of upwards of forty carriages, and a large number of trunks and luggage-vans.—*Times*.

Flowers, (says Mrs. Child,) are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths. *Anonymous Assailants* may be likened to the cuttle-fish, which employs the inky secretions it forms, as a means of tormenting its enemy, and baffling pursuit.—*Lady Bessington*.

Avarice.—An old caricature on avarice represents Old Nick carrying a miser down to his regions, and while on the way, the Gripus is making propositions to his majesty to supply him with coals.

Consolation.—"Oh, my dear Sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out!" "Very sorry, Sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three altogether when I began, I'm sure to be right next time!"

Pretty Good.—A lady said to a gentleman, who walked with her and her sister from church, "Why, it rains—send and get an umbrella." "Why, my dear," said the gentleman, "you are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not hurt you." "No," cried the lady, "but we are *lasses*." It is needless to say, the umbrella was sent for immediately.—*P. Love's Bulletin*.

Arab Retort.—"Why do you not thank God," said Mauser to an Arab, "that since I have been your ruler, you have never been afflicted with the plague?" "God is too just to send two scourges upon us at once," was the reply; but it cost the speaker his life.

A Modest Dum.—A tailor presented his account to a gentleman for settlement. "I'll look over your bill," said the gentleman. "Very good," said the tailor, "pray don't *overlook* it."

True Philosophy.—Hein, a Dutchman, rose from a cabin-boy to an admiral, and was killed in an action in which he was victorious. Their high mightinesses sent a deputation to condole with his mother at Delft. The old woman, paying no regard to their honours, or the honours done him, said—"I always foretold Peter would perish like a miserable wretch as he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

Supper-bill in Carinthia.—Trout, roast ptarmigan, potatoes, bread, cheese, and a cup of coffee—eight-pence!

Etourderie.—An ignoramus of an invalid, in describing his organic disease, stated that his physician had examined him with a *telescope* (Stethoscope.)

Solar Spot.—About half-way between the eastern edge of the sun's disc and its centre, a very beautiful dark spot may now be seen, travelling towards the right, accompanied by the usual luminous border, and may be distinctly seen, (when the atmosphere proves favourable,) with telescopes of moderate power, having the sight protected with a piece of dark-coloured glass.—*Blackburn Standard*, Jan. 15.

Joe Miller's Jest originated in the author's (Mottley's) fits of the gout. The author also wrote a portion of the popular farce of *the Devil to pay*. Joe was such a favourite at court, that Caroline, queen of George II, commanded a play to be performed for Mottley's benefit, and the queen disposed of a great many tickets with her own hand at the drawing room, and most of them were paid for in gold.

Complaisant Tide.—The captain of a vessel was recently called out of a coffee-house by a waterman, and thus addressed:—"Please your honour, the tide is waiting for you!"

"Hide-and-seek," which we learn in our childhood, is all acted over again, in the business of life. The lawyer plays his hide and seek when he gets his client into the court of Chancery. The doctor plays his hide and seek when he administers his patent pills. The minister plays hide and seek when he leaves his flock without a shepherd. The merchant plays hide and seek when he parts with his goods without receiving the money. The mechanic plays hide and seek when he works by the job.

Excessive Modesty.—A contemporary says he once knew a young lady who was so excessively modest, that she always wore green spectacles, because she objected to looking at gentlemen with her naked eyes!—*Jonathan*.

Imitation.—A painter in New Orleans is such an excellent "imitator," that he painted a block of pine so exactly imitating marble, that when he threw it into the river, it instantly sank to the bottom!—*Ibid*.

On the Death of a Lady.

Another!—lay her down,

Down in the grave;

And trust her soul to Him

Who died to save.

Husband—thy wife hath sought

A home on high;

She waiteth there to welcome

Thee to the sky.

Thy mother's soul hath burst

Its prison-bars,

Children;—she is happy

With yonder stars.

Ay! weep—tears are human,

And lighten gloom;

Weep till the bow of promise

Arches the tomb!

Extremes.—A miser grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

The *Boston Post* says: "Marriageable ladies are called *waiting-maids*!"

The *Thames Tunnel* was opened on the 1st inst. for the first time, on the Wapping side of the river; when upwards of 500 visitors of all nations passed through the tunnel as far as the shaft on the Rotherhithe shore.

* * * In consequence of not receiving the two Engravings of the *Printers' Composing Machine* in due time, we were compelled to suspend the publication of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL on Saturday the 30th ult.; and we have to apologise to our readers for this irremediable omission.

London: Published for the Proprietors, by W. BRITAIN, Paternoster Row. Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.